

The Round Towers of Ireland.

NO one knows who built the round towers in Ireland, but some believe that the natives erected them as watch towers. Many have the tops broken off. The doors were purposely built at about ten or fifteen feet from the ground and were reached by ladders.

When a Girl Marries

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Terry Thanks Anne for Her Kindness, but Jim Shows a Little of His Outcropping Impatience

By Anne Lisle.

CHAPTER CLIV.

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"Of course I couldn't tell the brave little sick-bed bride either of the things that were worrying me. She couldn't know that I was haunted by fears for her and her arm. And she might—in her unselfishness—be always as much agitated by a hint of the ugly situation hanging between Jim and me. So I put her off."

"I'm just a little choked with joy over the revival of my beautiful making," said I. "And since I can't dance a jig in a sick room, I have to cry a little. Don't begrudge me my fun."

"Bless your heart, nice person, I'd never begrudge you anything but unhappiness and worry!" answered Betty.

"Then I knew I was a pretty good play-actress, and with a little feeling of triumph over the way my make-believe had saved Betty pain, I stooped very tenderly to kiss her good night. Her well hand caressed my face."

"Friendship's a big thing—and very precious," she whispered. "You've proved it, sweetly, and I am grateful, and proud, and very, very happy."

"So I called down a tearful little blessing on Betty's head and hurried from that room of peace and love back to the things I felt were lying in wait for me outside."

"Hurray, Anne, we're going to motor up to town after all!" said Jim when I joined him and Terry in the main hall. "Terry's sending us up in his car, which we'll send back to him tomorrow. Bully, isn't it?"

Overruled by Terry.

"Would you mind going by train?" I asked uneasily. "We'll get there so much sooner, and I'm tired and nervous. You're a brick, Terry, to offer the car—but I don't feel as if I could stand jouncing around dark roads half the night. I—I want to get home."

By Loretto C. Lynch.

(An authority on all matters pertaining to cookery and the home.)

HOUSEWIVES who have left the city and taken an unpretentious little cottage in the country or at the shore for the heated season are often at a loss to know just how to get along without the fresh meat of the city butcher shop. Often too, the fresh meat obtainable in remote sections may come from unhealthy creatures or it may be killed so recently as to be tough and almost inedible.

The old standby in the country is ham or chicken and the woman who knows how will be able to prepare these in such a variety of ways that her family will not tire of them.

Who can think of anything more tempting than a delicious slice of steaming hot ham and a generous forkful of cool green garden cabbage accompanied by a "brown potato"? Yet, many women do not know how to cook a ham so as to get the best in it. Here is a good recipe for BOILED HAM.

Scrape and scrub a ham thoroughly. Soak it several hours overnight. Next morning put the ham in the cook pot, cover it with cold water and bring it slowly to the boiling point. Boil about ten minutes. Skim and reduce the heat so that the ham simmers for several hours. Roughly estimated, a ham should take about half an hour for each pound of its weight. A ten-pound ham should simmer about five hours.

When tender, set aside and let the ham cool in the liquid for an hour or so, then remove, draw off the skin, brush over with yolk of egg diluted with a little milk. Sprinkle with sugar. When tender, crumble crabs mixed together, and set in the oven to brown. Serve hot or cold.

Almost all country places have a sweet cider. If you can obtain some cider try this:

HAM BAKED WITH CIDER. Make ready the ham as if for boiling. Spread over it a thick paste of flour and water completely encasing it. Place on a rack in the pan in a hot oven. When the outside is cooked reduce the heat and bake about five hours. When the ham has been cooking for about four hours make a small hole in the paste and pour in a cup of hot cider. In France champagne or flat white wine is used. Repeat a couple of times if necessary. When tender remove skin. Brush over with yolk of egg as before, sprinkle with sugar and crumbs and bake until a golden brown. Cut into thick slices several cloves into the ham at regular intervals before placing it in the oven a second time.

Often only one hen is available from the barnyard. Prepare it and cover with boiling water, to which a quarter of a cup of vinegar has been added. Cover and simmer for several hours, allowing about half an hour for each pound of weight. Never allow the fowl to come to a boil during these hours of simmering. Long, slow cooking at a temperature below the boiling point in acidulated water will make tender and edible even an old, tough bird. Lemon juice may be substituted for vinegar. When cooked, this bird will make delicious croquettes.

All measurements are taken level in a standard half-pint measuring cup is used.

He Who Believes in Nobody Proves That He Himself Is Not to Be Trusted



"Mother and th' Girls!"

By NELL BRINKLEY

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LETTER from Bill—over-seas—but sailing soon—feasting up to a little French bride—and frantic over wondering if the boat he's slated for will carry doughboys "wives!" — "and dear Mater and the Girls—please love my little French bride—because she's BEAU COUP Darling!"

With transfixed eyes they see him in fancy, urging her off the boat, to please to step her shy feet upon American earth, and come "home" to his wonderful Mother, and themselves moving forward with feet that feel 'as if they'd gone to sleep in a night-mare; and the chiefest among all the things they see that go to make up this reluctant little bride from France—are a pair of wooden shoes! Of course, she'll wear 'em—and carry her little trousseau in a bundle.

Gwendolyn casts her eyes to heaven and gasps. "Mercy, CAN you see her—what will the girls think?"

Smart, haughty Diana glowers coldly out on the world with a protecting hand at her Mother's shoulder and thinks scornfully. "Of course, she'll be a peasant—trust Bill!"

Mother is paralyzed and can't think with any sort of success of any certain girl in particular—but she has a horrified memory of once seeing a little French demoiselle on the stage with a harsh little voice that

screamed a song, black skirts short and frantic and caught up between her pretty shoulders in a little rooster-tail, a little cocked hat, a long jeweled staff, an impertinent nose and tiny flashing feet; fingers pinked with rouge, who shrieked, "I'm 'appy vees you!"

Mary winces the crystal tears in little flicks and is certain her name is Yvonne, that she is lovely as a dark rose and clever and aristocratic and that she—Mary—will be out of the spotlight when Bill brings her back home.

Only one is glad—"crazy," in her own schoolgirl patois—about Bill's little French wife, and cannot wait for her to come. Patty—light-hearted and headed—her hair a smart little scramble that her folks despair of—her cheeks still "fat" to her rage—careful curls around her temples—the very latest on her tongue-tip and her little back—suppressed and worried over and snubbed in turn—her vocabulary two-words—"crazy" and "cute." Patty hugs her own shoulders and exults: "Think of it—I'll bet she's a darling—Bill says she is—and Bill would never pick anything else. I betcha she's—I mean I expect—she is, a 'chic' little Parisienne—I'll love her and her clothes—and learn a lot—and I'll make her love me, too—I betcha—"

And Bill is swinging on the broad of the great green sea. Anyhow, he's pleased.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Puss in Boots The Parting of the Ways Saving the Drowning

By David Cory.

PUSS JUNIOR and Fairy Nimble Finger traveled for some distance over Egg Shell Island until they came to a tall tree where sat a young man and a young woman. Then Nimble Finger whispered to Puss. "Now will make you invisible, and presto! something happened, although Puss felt just the same."

"There was a little man who wore a little maid, And he said, 'Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?' 'Should I be your little bride, So will you be my boy?' For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded, ded."

The little maid replied, "Pray what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?" Will the flame that you're so rich in—Light a fire in the kitchen? Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

Nimble Finger nudged Puss with his hand. "A very practical young woman. The Fairies at her birth must have given her good common sense, which is a fine gift, is it not, my good Sir Cat?"

"My dear Nimble Finger," said kind Puss Junior, "if you have the power to render me invisible, have you not the power to turn this tree into a pretty cottage where the little man and little maid may dwell forever in happiness?" Nimble Finger smiled and replied, "I have, Puss Junior. We will give them a cottage where the little god of Love can be cook and king at the same time."

"Yes, yes," cried Puss, "let me see the tree turn into a cottage!" And would you believe it, the trunk grew wider and wider and the knot-holes became little windows, and the branches overhead formed themselves into a roof, and a little red chimney grew on top from which smoke began to come out.

"Step inside the doorway," said Nimble Finger. And when Puss had done this, the fairy said, "Now, I'm going to make you visible again. Then you tell the young man that you will give him this house if he

will promise to learn by heart every rhyme in Mother Goose, and I will tell the young woman that if she wishes to be happy she must say this little verse every day to the fairies:

"Keep our little house I pray Safe at night as well as day. Fairies with your magic power Keep me happy every hour, And let me be your little boy. Always to be good and true."

And the young man was so happy when Puss gave him the house that he asked Puss to stay with him always. And the young woman was so pleased with what Fairy Nimble Finger told her that she blushed and promised always to make the young man a dutiful wife.

And next time you shall hear what happened after that. (Copyright, 1919, David Cory.) To Be Continued.

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the establishing in 1775 of a Post Office by Congress. Benjamin Franklin was placed in charge. In 1792 rates were established that held for fifty years. They were: For thirty miles and under, 6 cents; thirty to sixty miles, 8 cents; and 450 miles and over, 25 cents.

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

"Sleeping Lady" of the Valley of Lost Soul Arouses From Slumber At Last

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaner, decided to pass up his life to a white and plans a fishing trip. To Francis Morgan, stock operator, comes a letter from his mother, Mrs. Morgan, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Francis has an idea.

Francis Morgan sails for South America, pursued by the treasure hunter, Torres. Francis is saved from death on galleons and Henry is arrested in his black. Francis finds his father has strayed from Henry to Francis.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious wanderer, are both descendants of Sir Henry Morgan. Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South America. Francis is saved from death on galleons and Henry is arrested in his black. Francis finds his father has strayed from Henry to Francis.

Francis, Gordon and Henry elude their enemies and go aboard Francis' boat. Francis and his party decide to go ashore. Francis and his party decide to go ashore. Francis and his party decide to go ashore.

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were not round. Square they might have been had they not been round than square. Such shape had they that they were blocked off in the dark and sketchy way of establishing circles out of the sums of angles. The long, dark lashes veiled them and perpetuated the illusion of their darkness. Yet was there no surprise nor amazement in them at first sight of her visitors. Dreamily incurious were they, yet were they languidly certain comprehension of what they beheld.

Still further, to awe those who so beheld, her eyes betrayed a compelling quality of paradoxical aliveness. Pain trembled its quivering anguish perpetually impending. Sensitiveness mistily hinted of itself in a spring rain-shower on the distant sea horizon of a dewfall of a mountain morning. Pain over pain resided in the midst of a languorous slumberousness. The fire of immeasurable courage shrouded to glint into the electric spark of action and fortitude.

Deep slumber, like a pallid, tapestried background, seemed ever ready to obliterate all in sleep. And over all, through all, permeating all, brooded ageless wisdom. This was accentuated by cheeks slightly hollowed, hinting of asceticism. Upon them was a flush, either hectic or of the paint box.

A Perfect Form. When she stood up, she showed herself to be slender as a fairy. Tiny were her bones, not too generously flesh-covered; yet the lines of her were not thin. Had either Henry or Francis registered his impression aloud, he would have proclaimed her the roughest this woman he had ever seen.

At first the Lady gave no eyes for aught but Leoncia; and, after a careful looking over of her, with a curt, upward lift of head she commanded her to approach. Too imperative by far for Leoncia's thought, to proceed from so ethereally beautiful a creature, and she sensed with immediacy an antagonism that must exist between them. So she did not move, until the Sun Priest moved harshly that she must obey. She approached, regardless of the huge, long-haired, hound-like eyes of Leoncia, and the two living creatures who strangely inhabited the place and who scarcely moved. Beneath the rising sun, raised above the floor on a sort of dais, was a many-pillowed divan that was half-trunk.

And on the divan, among the pillows, of a soft shimmering gold, sat a woman of certain age, whom Leoncia had seen before reclined a sleeping woman. Only her breast softly rose and softly fell to her breathing. No Lost Soul was she. Her hair and hand and the structure of her face and her eyes, and her head was a tiara of beaten gold and sparkling gems so large that almost it seemed a crown.

Before her, on the floor, were two tripods of gold—the one containing a smoldering fire, the other, vastly larger, a golden bowl fully a foot in diameter. In the bowl, the tripods, resting with outstretched paws like the Sphinx, with unblinking eyes and without a quiver, a great dog, snow-white of coat and resembling a Russian wolf-hound, steadfastly regarded the intruders.

Leoncia was breathless, but Torres shuddered and crossed himself, and said:

"This I have never heard of the Valley of Lost Souls. This woman who sleeps is a Spanish lady. She is of the pure Spanish blood. She is as still as a statue, and certain that I stand here, that her eyes are blue. And yet that pallor! Again she shuddered. 'It is an unearthly sleep. It is as if she tampered with dream, only with long tampered with dream.'"

"The very thing!" Francis broke in, with excited whispers. "The Lady W. Dreams Drug Dreams. The woman who sleeps is a Spanish lady. She is of the pure Spanish blood. She is as still as a statue, and certain that I stand here, that her eyes are blue. And yet that pallor! Again she shuddered. 'It is an unearthly sleep. It is as if she tampered with dream, only with long tampered with dream.'"

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